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divine art, the Chevalier Gottschalk, who in a letter published in the Atlantic Monthly about a year ago, says:

"Brignoli, notwithstanding the defects his detractors love to heap upon him, is an artist I sincerely admire. The reverse of vocalists who, I am sorry to say, are for the most part vulgar ignoramuses, he is a thorough musician, and perfectly qualified to judge a musical work. His enemies would be surprised to learn that he knows by heart Hummel's concerto in A minor. He learned it as a child when he contemplated becoming a pianist, and he still plays it charmingly. Brignoli knows how to sing, and were it not for the excessive fear that paralyzes all his faculties before an audience, he would rank among the best singers of the day."

This evening when Louis came in to lay the cloth for our evening meal, I inquired who was the singer at the Prince Albert? "Mademoiselle," he replied, "*c'est un grand artiste du Theatre Lyrique.*"

I have another interruption to record. Half an hour after the transpiration of the incident that I have just recorded, and when I had again resumed my study of the magnificent sonata, there was a knock at my chamber door, and the lovely, fair-haired artist, Mary Elma, and her lady mother were announced. A morning call from this little busy-bee, the talented and admirable portrait artist, is no usual occurrence. But having just finished a picture of one of America's representative women,—representative of republican ideas at the imperial court of France,—she was enjoying a little *Alnerie* with *Madame sa mère*. Madame is one of New England's queens of intellect, transplanted to old Albion, but now upon a visit to her artist daughter, who resides in beautiful Paris. Although I had long known the daughter, this was the first time that I had ever met her distinguished mother—distinguished long before I was born, as an author, lecturer, and physician (beneficent triad); therefore I looked upon Madame as a very interesting and somewhat awesome personage. She was attired in a dress half conventional and half that of a religieuse: a black flowing gown, a *chapeau noir*, over which was thrown an ample white veil falling nearly to the hem of her robe, and in her fragile hands she held a bunch of white blooming lilies. Madame was quite exhausted by her toilsome ascent to *le troisième étage*, but her pale-blue sibylline eyes declined to participate in any weakness of the frail body, and shone with that resplendent fire that reveals the fertility, force, and noble quality of her brain.

Mademoiselle called to invite us—that is, mamma, my sister and myself—to her art-rooms tomorrow evening to see the picture. Other guests there will be: artists in literature, artists in music, and artists in colors. We are to have music, some wise talk, and tea. How delightful!

CECILIA.

NEW COMIC OPERAS IN PARIS.

The metropolis of art and fashion is also the native promotress and cherisher of every description of musical comicalities, which make their appearance there, or in other great cities. They are generally distinguished by the good taste which is profusely lavished upon them, and are not deficient of wit. The comic opera without producing exactly anything like what we decorate with the denomination of comicalities—a

thing rather elastic, for elastic constitutions to digest—is a charming institution, suited to the French character, and extremely dainty and careful about the charming incidents which it generally illustrates on its semi-musical stage, with more or more less classical music. But it is an institution all over the country, immensely appreciated and most deservedly so, and has no less than three magnificent temples, for the comic-musical worshippers, in the French capital. When the immense moral value and civilizing influence of the comic opera, becomes better known in the United States, New York will be anxious to beat Paris by one or two similar establishments.

One of the new comic operas out in Paris, retranslated from the German is the "Merry Wives of Windsor," a sequel to a "Midsummer's Night Dream," which was a good composition thirteen years ago. But more of the Merry Wives of Windsor on a future occasion, when our own merry wives, God bless them! will have fully enjoyed their summer villegiatura and be pleased to graciously smile upon us and upon many other more pleasant looking objects, which the fall and winter season hold in store for them.

Much ado about nothing, isn't it, fairest of all readers? I was going to tell you something about another new comic opera, "La Colombe," the turtle dove—how sweet it sounds—in two acts, by Gounod, the libretto by Messrs. Jules Barrier and Michel Carre, the arch librettists of our time. It was born in one act with its forms somewhat confused in appearance, so that when the doctors came to examine the child they found out that there was the stuff to have a jolly pair of twins. The baby was first heard of at Baden-Baden through the interpretation of Roger and Madame Miolan Carvalho. But after it had undergone the professional examination, those who heard its first modulations, it is asserted, were at a loss to recognize the twins. I do not wonder at this at all; if I was a mother, any transformation of the kind would doubtless puzzle me much.

Well, the poem is taken from one of Boccaccio's anecdotes, which La Fontaine told in verse in that peculiarly simple and cunning style of which the "bonhomme" has carried the secret with him over to the other side of the bridge of eternity. This has been thoroughly manifested, measured out, scanned, yarned out and spun out by the impresarii, it seems, to everybody's satisfaction. All's well that ends well. Mr. Ch. Gounod has written on this poetic trifle a very graceful partition full of charming incidents, which are generally understood at first hearing. The introductory adagio was listened to and received with great favor; it contains a remarkable violoncello solo, with a most original horn accompaniment. The first song of the prima donna was enthusiastically ancored; the tenor parts were rendered with great effect and drew repeated applause. But the introduction to the second act is the gem of the piece, being a supple, graceful and elegant melody, executed by first violin with harp accompaniment. It was received with the same applause which commemorated the beautiful phrase of the string instruments in *L'Africaine*. The various artists who contributed their talents to the first performance, were all in capital condition, as is always the case in the capitals of Europe, owing to the excellency of their stage discipline and the very serious objections of the public to half and half work.

The names of the authors were loudly called for—in order to receive the honors of acclamation

—for everybody know them, and the house was made to tremble with applause. This "Colombe" seems to possess wing enough to have a good flight, and we may hope to hear more of her flutterings through the "Opera Comique." The author of "Faust" can afford to let fly such a gentle bird while preparing another eagle flight. Meanwhile there seems to be little stirring here with a view of encouraging the deserved popularity of such a charming musical institution as the comic opera.

L. M.

SCULPTURE IN ROME.

THE WORKS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

In the English Art Journal for June there is an article on "Lady Artists in Rome," from which we take an extract or two, hoping it may tempt our artistic readers to peruse the whole: "Mrs. Freeman, to whom, for obvious reasons, we give precedence, is an English lady by birth, and American by marriage. Twenty years of her life have been spent in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture in the round. Her *genri* is that of 'Putti' (children), and as if to supply the want of that which has been denied to her, she throws all the tenderness of her woman nature into the pretty marble statuettes and heads which she creates. Who that has seen it will forget her 'Sleeping Nelly,' an idea taken from that inimitable character of Dickens in the 'Old Curiosity Shop?' Poor, deserted Nelly, deserted by all but Providence, lies extended on her rough mattress, while guardian angels are watching at her pillow. This, one of her earliest works, is in the possession of Mr. Terry. Very similar in character are the 'Princes Sleeping in the Tower,' all unconscious of the danger which menaces them—a group executed for Mr. Bowring. Pretty little statuettes, too, and ideal and portrait heads, have been made by Mrs. Freeman; but her *capo lavoro*, perhaps, is a vase, not a commission, intended to be cast in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Bacchanalian feast, all of them children frolicking in the full gaiety of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill up the intervals, while the pedestal is formed of three children who appear to have yielded to the saporific influences of the jolly god."

Again: "Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say much, so well known is this clever artist to the British as well as the American public. She arrived in Rome about twelve or thirteen years since, and studied for some time under the great master, Gibson, of whom she was a favorite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City, Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later as much admiration, by the elegance of her designs and the cleverness of her execution. Her 'Puck' on a mushroom, which has often been repeated, was one of her earliest successes. 'Zenobia' added much to her reputation; but to our mind none of her works has greater or so much merit as her 'Sleeping Faun.' The ease of position, the perfect *abandon* of the figure, are wonderfully given, and we are half disposed to step lightly lest we may disturb the slumber so graphically described. At present Miss Hosmer is modelling, as a companion to it, the 'Waking Faun.' A youngster of the same family is seated on the ground by his side, and, taking advantage of the somnolency of his parent, has managed to bind

him; but the Faun suddenly awakes, breaks his bonds, and seizes the young delinquent by the hair. Another work now nearly completed by the same artist, is a Fountain, a commission for Lady Marianne Alford, who was one of the first to appreciate and patronize Miss Hosmer. The basin of the fountain is formed of a series of large shells, from the centre of which rises a pedestal bearing on the summit a syren. Round the base of the pedestal are three water-sprites, seated on dolphins, each little chubby face being turned upwards, or in a listening attitude, to catch a glimpse of the being who is discoursing such sweet melody. Graceful in design, the entire group, so far as we can judge of it in its present state, bids fair to be one of the most finished works of the fair artist.

"From the same country as Miss Hosmer is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, whose extreme youth and color invite our warmest sympathies. Born of an Indian mother, and a Negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming, and making moccasins. Her love of sculpture was first shown on her seeing a statue of Franklin. 'I will make something like that,' she said to a benevolent gentleman who engaged an artistic friend in New York to permit her to visit his studio. Then she had some clay given her, and the model of an infant's foot, which she imitated so well as to merit praise and encouragement. 'I often longed to return to the wilds,' she said, 'but my love of sculpture forbade it;' and here she is alone, a simple girl of twenty-three years of age, struggling against the prejudice entertained towards her race, and competing with the finished masters of the art. As she has been here only two months she has not much to show. A bust of Colonel Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment ever formed, is a meritorious work, and has been ordered by the family of the brave colonel who died fighting for his country. Another bust, of Mr. Dionysius Lewis, of New York, is nearly completed as a commission. The first ideal work of our young artist is a freed woman falling on her knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this early dedication of her genius to their cause is honorable to her feelings. Two other groups, the design of which are taken from Longfellow's *Minnehaha*, are nearly modeled. They represent first Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love, and laying down a deer at her feet, in token of an offer of marriage; and, secondly, Hiawatha leading away his chosen bride, 'So hand in hand they went.'"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

A highly interesting work on Mexico has been published in Paris. It is full of descriptions of the soil, climate, and people, and is called "*La Terre Temperee*." The author, Lucien Blart, a Frenchman, has resided nearly twenty years in that country. The book is said to be full of episodes, each of which would form the material for a three volume novel. The first volume of Maximilian's Memoirs is extensively read in Europe, and is said to be very interesting.

The late Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, England, left a fortune of \$350,000, \$100,000 of which was bequeathed to the foundation of additional scholarships in the University of Cambridge, besides a considerable sum set apart for

the erection of courts or hotels for the reception of students, the income thereof to be applied for the endowment of a "Professorship of International law," of the annual value of \$500, and also for founding scholarships for the encouragement of the study of law. It is enjoined that the new law professor, in his lectures and in his treatment of all parts of the subject of international law, shall "make it his aim to suggest such plans as will tend to diminish the evils of war, and the final extinguishment of war between nations."

John R. Bartlett, of Providence, has published a catalogue of "Rebellion" books. They number 6,073, and the catalogue fills a volume of 4,077 pages. The Historian of the War will be expected to read all these through carefully, and come out *mens sana in corpore sano*, and sum up the truth, free of passion and prejudice, and not do, as the Romans did, leave the task of elucidating the civil war to some Napoleon, two thousand years hence.

Announced as nearly ready are the three volumes, by John Cochran, Elder of the Free Church of Scotland, entitled, "The Revelation to John, its own Interpreter, in virtue of the double version in which it is delivered;" "The Second Personal Coming of the Son of Man, proved to have taken place;" and "The American Union proved to be the New Heaven and the New Earth."

Bohn, of London, has just issued a catalogue of second-hand books, containing Greek and Latin miscellanies, including theology, fathers of the church, philology, modern Latin poetry, facetiae, satires, manuscripts, and Chinese drawings. In his preface he speaks of this list as, in all probability, his last catalogue, purposing "retiring from business, as far as practicable, within the next twelve months."

It is stated that Cooper's "Spy" was translated into Persian and published at Ispahan in 1848, and is very popular in the land of Iren.

"The Crown of Wild Olive" is the name of John Ruskin's new book, now much talked of in England.

It is feared the bilingual inscription, lately discovered in Egypt, will not prove more valuable to general literature than did the Rosetta inscription. "The difficulty," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "lies in this: that the language of the ancient Egyptians is not only dead but lost. The discovery of an ancient Egyptian manuscript, of Koptic words written in Greek or Latin characters, would be of more value than a score of bilingual or trilingual inscriptions. Small fragments here and there of the old language have enabled learned men to restore a very considerable portion of it; but even about this they do not agree. The problem is to read an unknown language written in unknown characters. It is not unlike what would be required if a man should manufacture a series of words, never before heard of, to each of which he should assign an arbitrary value, and spell them with an arbitrary alphabet. For example: let it be supposed that for the word 'ship' a man should use the sound made in uttering the letters t w m n, and instead of writing these letters should use signs never before known as representing letters. It would be manifestly impossible for any man, however skilled in cryptography, to ascertain even the value of the signs, nor if he were told their value could he have the slightest conception what was meant by the sound t w m n."

A letter of Byron has been discovered, in which he says: "Will you tell Drury I have a treasure for him, a whole set of original Burne's letters, never published or to be published, for they are full of fearful oaths and the most *nauseous* songs, all humorous, but coarse. However, they are curiosities, and show him quite in a new light. The mixture, or rather contrast of tenderness, delicacy, obscenity, and coarseness in the same mind is wonderful."

Still another, in which he refers at length to the lady who was about to become his wife, "the moment the lawyers and settlers will let us."

The little city of Hartford has sent out 821,000 volumes of "war literature," valued at \$2,500,000. The book that sold best was a cheap, trashy book of "Rebellion Scenes and Characters," with atrocious and coarse wood cuts, of which \$500,000 worth were sold.

Mr. Richard Brinsley Knowles, son of Sheridan Knowles, writes that "Alexina; or True Unto Death," the posthumous play of his father, recently brought out in London, is simply the dialogue of a ballad opera, which the late Mr. Knowles wrote years ago, the songs omitted, and that it was originally intended as the libretto of an opera. The piece is a romantic drama in two acts, strongly suggestive in its plot of the "Sergeant's Wife," and "Raymond and Agnes."

The scene is laid in the suburbs of Moscow; a Russian nobleman, named Ivan, is benighted in a forest, and is saved by a girl called Alexina, from being assassinated by the landlord of the lonely inn, to which he had been conducted by a postillion in league with the banditti. In the second act, Alexina, having made her escape in the guise of a peasant lad, accidentally learns that a second attempt is to be made on the life of Count Ivan, and that the only way of saving him is to supply a victim to take the place of the one contemplated in the murderous designs of the assassin. With a strong feeling of love for Ivan, she resolves to save his life at the sacrifice of her own. She enters his villa, takes his place upon the couch, and the fatal dagger is about to be plunged into the heart of the apparent nobleman, when the assassin is arrested, and the Russian Count, struck with Alexina's self-devotion, confesses that she was "true unto death," and raises her from the condition of a serf to rank and fortune. The writing is highly characteristic of the author, abounding in those inversions of words which give a kind of Elizabethan flavor to the blank verse.

A foreign paper relates the following doubly dramatic scene:

Simpson, the actor, whose strength was always failing, invariably refused to take the medicine furnished by his physician, and the latter was compelled to use different stratagems to make him swallow them. There is a drama, in which the leading-man, a prisoner, is condemned to take poison. Simpson was playing this part on a certain night, and had given the property-man instructions to fill the goblet with port wine. When night came on, he was preparing to swallow the poison, and, to his horror, discovered that his port wine was senna! There was no chance of escape, and he could not throw it away, for he was compelled to swallow it in the presence of his persecutors, and to show there was no poison left in the cup. With the air of a martyr, Simpson swallowed the horrible drug, slowly and calmly, and the audience applauded loudly; but he never forgave his physician the infamous practical joke, and died without ever paying his bill.

Mr. Fechter, the favorite of London, is playing the dual character in the "Corsican Brothers."

Rossi, the famous Italian tragedian, is playing Hamlet in Paris. Rossi has been treated by